# Love Thy Enemy by Pastel_Mint_Boy

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**Category:** Danny Phantom
**Genre:** Aged-Up Character(s), Alternate Universe - Horror, Alternate Universe - No Powers, Anal Sex, Character Revival, Danny Fenton - Freeform, Dash Baxter - Freeform, Dubious Consent, Emotional Manipulation, Killer!Vlad, M/M, Manipulative Behavior, Penelope Spectra - Freeform, Possessive Behavior, Rough Sex, Sam Manson - Freeform, Serial Killers, Slow Burn, Slow Romance, Smut, Temporary Character Death, Tucker Foley - Freeform, Twisted and Fluffy Feelings, Victim(s) Danny Sam Tucker Dash, Video Game Mechanics, Violence, Vlad Masters - Freeform, mute vlad
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**Summary:**

Keeping your friends close and enemies closer seems to be Danny's mantra lately. From confiding in an unlikely person, to fearing others. There's a lot of discovering to be done and a lot more of himself than he'd not want to know.

**Relationships:** Danny Fenton & Vlad Masters, Danny Fenton/Vlad Masters
**Series:** Vlad The Impaler [4]

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# Chapter 1

**Author's Note:**

> I read all of your comments and first off, thanks so much guys! I'm really glad you're enjoying the story thus far. Because of your comments, this part of the story is very important because I nearly lost my mind writing it. Just kidding! (a bit) No, this story touches a lot of things I wanted to get to, so it's pretty long and split into different chapters. Also, there's a bonus at the end because you guys really kept the story alive haha.

"You what?!" Both Sam and Tucker say in unison, startling Danny with how in sync they were. Dash, who had sat quietly also seemed pretty startled but he was unsure if it was from their outburst or what he just said.

It didn't matter at the moment, he couldn't focus because the fact of the matter was that all of them were waiting for an answer. "I mean… Yeah, she was at the school."

Sam shakes her head while Tucker leans back with a look of disbelief. Now what were they going to do? A whole new killer was now present. What did that mean for them, was this going to be a new thing now? Randomly adding killers?

"Do you think she's always been here and we just didn't know?" Dash asks curiously but Danny shakes his head, turning his attention towards the campfire.

"I don't think so," Danny continues with furrowed brows, "She's

definitely the type to make sure *you* know she's there…"

"So, what, we have to deal with two killers now? As if Vlad wasn't enough already." Tucker runs his fingers through his hair with a frustrated sigh.

"It doesn't help that we just figured out a little bit more about this place…" Sam adds

Danny agrees with all their sentiments. He didn't like the idea that there was a new killer on the loose, he didn't like the idea that she appeared as soon as they made *any* progress in understanding the world they're in. It felt too coincidental that everything happened the way it did.

He feels just as defeated as the other's look. Laying back onto the grass, he stares up at the stars. The one thing he wanted to do, which he *never* thought he'd consider, was that he wanted to find Vlad.

He scrunched his nose at the very thought of that. But he wanted to find answers and *that* was it. He didn't know how he was going to find the killer, he wasn't even sure how he'd get the answers if the man couldn't talk.

It then dawns on him, like a light bulb. He knew of one way he could try to find Vlad.

"I don't like the sound of this Danny-" Sam frowns, grabbing and sliding on her backpack. "I'd feel more comfortable if we were in groups."

Danny shakes his head, "It'll be fine… Besides, you know we'll never cover enough ground if we're all together."

He hated to see her frown grow but there wasn't much else she could do about it. He had his eyes set on traveling alone and with the horns blaring in the background; the gang all fell into their usual routine, Tucker and Dash were waiting for her.

Sam sighs and nods, watching as Danny gives a reassuring smile before taking off in the opposite direction.

Once Danny makes it to the school, he takes a deep breath, assuming that the woman was even inside, he would have to be extra careful. Never did he think he would be actively looking for killers, but here he was, breaking into the school once more. Sliding his slender body through the slightly ajar window gap. Eventually he's roaming the halls, peering his head into the classrooms before traversing the halls.

He feels his heart is in his throat, pounding away as he continues to search for the woman in red.

When his name is called he feels his skin crawl and his eyes widen, whipping around. "Sam?! What are you doing here?" He whispers harshly, watching the girl run up to him with a frown.

"I couldn't leave you in here alone! It wasn't okay in the first place but now that there's two killers-"

He interrupts, pinching the bridge of his nose in frustration, "I told you I was fine! And you left Dash and Tucker alone?!"

Sam opens her mouth to argue back but soon both their attention turns to the clicking down the hall. The color drains from their faces as the woman in red stops only mere feet away from them. With a cynical smile and claws outstretched, her ear piercing laugh booms, bouncing off the walls as the two to bolt down the hall.

"Two for the price of one? It's my lucky day!" She continues to laugh loudly, the clicking of her heels becoming faster and louder.

Danny grabs onto Sam's hand, a new ugly feeling of dread coursed through him as they run away. Knowing Sam was here made that feeling a whole lot worse and his plans fell to the wayside.

They don't stop running until all they hear is the sound of their own feet, Sam is the first to collapse to her knees, heavily breathing.

"T-That's the lady in red?" She manages to push out while trying to catch her breath.

Danny just nods, using the wall to support his weight, "Y-Yeah--Fuck, Sam I told you that I had this under control.."

"Look, I'm sorry for surprising you like that. But I still thought it was better if there were two of us, I know you're used to just finding the keys on your own but now that there's more than one killer-."

"*What* Sam? Now that there's more than one killer, what?" He shakes his head, "All I'm asking is for you to just *trust* me."

"I do trust you…"

"Well, it doesn't feel like it…"

"Danny..." She says softly, watching as the boy slowly pushes himself up without passing a glance her way. She eventually stands as well and despite her wanting to apologize, Danny makes moves to lead the way.

They walk together in silence, going through the halls and checking the classrooms. The longer they walk in silence, the worse Sam feels. She's never had Danny speak to her in such a clipped and passive way.

It grates on her eventually and she reaches out to grab the boy's shoulder only to stop when they're split apart abruptly by claws.

"There you are!" The Lady in red stands tall, taking in the two terrified faces. "Which one is first?"

"Sam, run!" Danny shouts, shoving at the woman before taking off in the other direction. He hears Sam take off running but he wasn't sure who the lady in red was chasing, it's not until he feels claws cut into his arm.

"Oh dear boy, there's no point in running."

Danny feels his blood run cold and despite his best efforts to get away, suddenly there's a searing pain in his side. It grows so painful that it has him stumble nearly falling over.

He hears the woman cackle.

She flexes her claws, glancing at how the boy's blood coats each nail finely. Her smile grows from ear to ear, any second the toxins would kick in and she would pluck every last organ from his body.

It was exhilarating chasing this boy through the halls, even if she had lost the girl in the process. This time she sure as hell wasn't going to let that botch of a killer ruin her fun, *steal* her kill. So she flies after the boy, following him down the stairs and into the basement. It's not until she has the boy corner, bleeding and exhausted that she lets her feet touch the ground.

Her heels click against the floor. "Don't you think it's funny… " She starts, slowly walking up to Danny with amusement written all over her face, "That that buffoon of a killer only targets your friends and leaves you untouched?"

"W-What are you going on about?" Danny spits out, pressing his back as much as he can against the wall, wincing as the killer swipes her claws

"Oh you *dumb* boy!" She laughs out, the corners of her lips curl up sinisterly, feeling a surge of excitement when the boy flinches at her outburst, "Do I have to spell it out for you?"

She shakes her head in disbelief as Danny continues to stare at her in confusion, there was no way this boy could be *this* dense.

But maybe he was.

She'd just have to put it straight.

"He doesn't want to kill you and I doubt he ever will." She watches for a brief moment as the boy processes this but she doesn't waste any more time, "But I won't hesitate…"

She plunges her claws straight into the boy's chest, flexing between the bones of his ribs to dig into his heart. She feels every beat become slower, blood dripping down her fingers and onto the cement floors. The light leaving the boy's eyes until the beat of his heart stops.

Danny shoots up, eyes widening as he grabs at his chest. A surge of

panic and adrenaline floods his veins.

Did-Did he just die?

It felt so familiar and yet, it felt so foreign at the same time. He felt the warmth of the fire on his skin yet when he looked around, he felt suffocated by the darkness. Nobody was around and that didn't make any sense. If he had really died, he wouldn't be here unless everybody else died as well. They *always* appeared together in front of the fire.

Did they leave him? But they've never done this before. Did the horns go off? Were they threatened by a killer? Why did nobody wake him?

Had it been something he did?

Danny holds his head, it was swimming as it feels like a million thoughts swirl in his mind. It nearly made him viciously sick until he's pulled away from them, hearing noises coming from the bushes. Squinting, he feels the bitter taste of bile build in his throat.

"You're here?" Danny manages to croak out, the feeling growing in his throat, "B-But you're not allowed here?"

Vlad tilts his head before continuing to walk forward with his spear in hand until he stabs it into the ground causing the boy to flinch as a result. The fear is crippling, his legs feel like dead weight, it's not until the man stops in front of him that he barks out weakly.

"What do you want? A-Are…" Danny falters, staring up at the man, his eyes widening as his memories flood his mind and yet he denies their existence but only for them to appear and become violently worse.

"You're not going to…" Danny admits, "I know you're not… I- just- I want to know why… Out of all of us- why me?"

He flinches when he's reached out to; only for his hand to be grabbed then led to the killer's neck. Blinking, Danny rests there for a moment. He isn't sure but it feels like something he's experienced before, he remembers the pressure he had felt when the man squeezed his hand.

His eyes flicker up only to run his fingers up the man's neck, the reaction he gets startles him momentarily. Vlad leans into his touch, almost as if he's giving confirmation. With that, Danny continues to feel his way until his fingers knock against the side of the mask.

His heart jumps and fingers seize, almost afraid that the man would do something horrid but nothing comes of it. Instead he continues to essentially pet the man. Honestly he thinks should feel a little better about it but everything feels so uncertain.

The killer kneeled before him, disarmed and was now accepting and giving affection. He feels extremely nervous about this and yet he continues to run his fingers along the man's neck.

"I hope you didn't kill the others… It's weird saying that to you, because of who you are… And that you probably have already done it…" Danny starts, tangling his fingers in the locks of hair, "And even though I'm sure you won't do the same to me… I guess I still can't believe it? I should be terrified of you… "

He didn't know how to feel. But oddly and scarily enough, he wasn't upset by this either.

# Chapter 2

Danny wakes gasping, shooting up to look around. When did he fall asleep? He sees the fire but he doesn't see Vlad, instead he sees the gang. They were moving about in their usual routines, Sam packing the bags, Dash training and Tucker cooking. But immediately their gaze turned towards him, he was breathing heavily as though he couldn't get enough air while holding his chest, a surge of panic rushing through him.

He struggles to scuff away as Sam tries to approach him. But he shakes his head furiously, a genuine look of terror on his face.

"Danny?!" Sam continues worriedly, "Hey-"

"Stay away from me!" He hisses, struggling to get on his feet. "Y-You left me!"

Sam's eyes widened in surprise, "B-But you told me to go, you told me run? Please Danny, come sit and calm down, you just had a bad dream... Look Tucker's cooking..."

"Yeah, hey- C'mon dude, it's almost done." Tuckers offers, moving to stand next to Sam.

Danny just shakes his head furiously, "Y-You all left me…" He says sadly, stepping back. His eyes meet their worried ones and for a split

second he thinks maybe they truly don't know.

Did they not understand? That they left him all alone?

Danny reels when they try to touch him and without hesitation he turns and runs. He shuts out their yelling, the calling of his name, he just shuts his eyes tightly. Only stopping when he feels his legs burn, wanting for him to stop and when he does he nearly collapses into a tree.

Now that he was long far from camp and admittedly lost, he could rest. His chest finally relaxed and he could breath deeply. He didn't know what happened but something in him just couldn't stay there, he couldn't look at their faces any longer.

They left him and while he wasn't in danger since it was Vlad who showed up. He still couldn't believe they would do that to him and pretend like nothing happened. They said it might have been a bad dream, but he remembers everything leading up to it, he remembers being killed, he remembers running with Sam.

That wasn't something his mind was making up.

Ruffling his hair in frustration, he didn't want to think about this, he didn't want to keep questioning every little thing. He was too tired to try and find all the answers, to make sense of whatever the hell was going on. More importantly to be questioning himself. Whatever was happening now, he was not going to indulge in those "what ifs" and question marks.

So he walks.

There's no aim, there's no destination or goal in mind, he just wanted to go for as long as his legs would carry him. *Dangerous* , he thinks as he continues to walk along. But he didn't really care.

It isn't until he steps into a small clearing that he's never seen before and looking ahead, he sees the cabin in the distance. He really can't believe it but it looks so familiar and he can't help but make his way towards it. Even as he reaches the door and touches it, the familiarity grows. He goes to push it open only to be startled when there's loud clanging behind him.

Danny whips his head, pressing his back against the door only to scream.

"You can't keep scaring me like this!" He gestures angrily, "God, say some-," There's a sigh, "Never mind…"

Vlad stood before him, pipes that the killer had been carrying now collected on the ground. He huffs, looking up at the cabin before turning his attention back to the killer.

"This is your cabin… Isn't it?"

Vlad steps forward, making Danny shake his head furiously. "All I did

was ask, you don't have to come closer."

Danny holds his breath as Vlad reaches a hand out only to pass him, pushing open the door, causing him to stumble back into the cabin. But instead of falling over, he's steadied by Vlad grabbing a hold of him by the waist . Danny feels himself heat up, pushing at the man, squirming out of being held.

"Okay okay, thanks but next time just gesture." He bites, walking into the cabin. Vlad tilts their head before gathering the rods and places them against the wall.

He continues to walk further in until he stops at the bed. "Huh… You took care of me here-..." Danny yelps in surprise, his face ablaze when he turns to look and is only a few inches from the killer. Furrowing his brows, he pushes at the man who doesn't budge. "*Stop* scaring me!"

Danny's heart leaps when his wrists are grabbed, eyes snapping up to look at Vlad. Tugging at his hands, the man's grip stays steady yet he's able to raise them, resting on the lip of the mask.

Swallowing thickly, he feels relatively calm as he whispers, "Can I?"

Feeling the grip of his wrists loosen briefly only to tighten when he tries to remove the mask. He purses his lips, "I-I'm not going to judge… I *mean* it."

When Vlad relaxes, Danny continues, tugging until he's able to push the mask off. There's a feral look in the man's eyes, blood and dirt ruin his face, loose strands of hair falling into his face. What mortifies the boy is the man's lips.

They were sewn shut.

Danny falters before carefully lowering his hands, "I-I think I can fix this…"

Vlad does nothing, staring and waiting as Danny moves around the room. He could burn holes with how intently he stares at the boy and when the boy comes back with a small badly damaged pair of scissors, he startles the boy back when he glares.

" I just… I'm not going to attack you, just, let me?" Danny sighs, gesturing to his lips. It takes some convincing but Danny eventually gets Vlad to sit down while working on carefully snipping each thread, the painful part is to pull each one from the wounds but once that's done, Danny watches as Vlad opens his mouth. Danny blinks, "You… Do have a tongue… But I thought you were missing… Huh, I guess it could be possible, I mean you just couldn't speak…" Danny whispers that last part to himself, nodding to him in the process.

Vlad watches Danny walk around, shaking his head in thought. "Well, it's good then- I mean… At least you still have your tongue… I wonder if you could still speak, I'm sure it's been so long-..."

Danny stops when Vlad steps closer, his heart sits heavily when his face is cupped and held. It sinks into his stomach when the man

kisses him roughly. Hands shoot up to grab at the man's wrists, it makes him shudder at the aggression he feels. The taste of blood dances across his tongue still he presses into it, allowing the exploration and his curiosity to take over.

It's not until Danny pulls away, a sudden shyness takes over him, working the nerve to look up.

"W-Well, that was…"

The two look up as the horns go off. Danny swallows thickly, stepping back as he's sucked back into reality. Catching Vlad's gaze, he looks down.

"I guess, I should get going…?" Danny rubs at his neck nervously, he backs his way to the door. "Um… You're welcome for the-" He gestures to his mouth before waving, he's gone in a matter of moments, leaving Vlad standing there.

"Danny…" Dash walks up, taking a seat next to the boy. After their last survival, Danny immediately moved to sit by himself and he could see the sadness and concern in Sam's eyes. Dash wasn't sure what he could do to make any of this better, but he felt like trying.

The boy looks at him, "Hmm, yeah?"

"What happened… Do you want to talk about it?"

Danny focuses his gaze somewhere else, frowning. "A lot has been going on… That's all, I just felt like I needed to get away…"

"Hmm, Yeah I get that... It feels like this place never ends and I guess it doesn't huh?" Dash snickers weakly, "Lately I've been doing a lot of exercising, keep my mind busy… But I hope getting away helped, I'm just concerned about Sam… Seems like she's taking your silence hard."

Danny follows Dash' gaze, looking back at the girl as she restocks the first aid kits. He instantly sees the look that Dash refers to, there's a sadness in her eyes that makes him feel shitty.

"I guess you're right…" He gets up, patting Dash's shoulder before making his way over. "Hey Sam, can we talk?"

"Yeah... Yeah, definitely." She gets up, her eyes lighting up as she walks with Danny further away from camp. The further the get, the more anxious she becomes before speaking up, "Danny-"

"Sam…" He says in sync, causing the both of them to laugh awkwardly. "I want to apologize, I don't know what came over me but I'm sorry for snapping on you… But I guess I just needed to get away."

Sam shakes her head, "No, Danny, I should apologize… I should have listened to you, I know you're capable of handling yourself but… But I guess I just didn't like that you were alone, having to face the lady

in red by yourself."

"I… I get it…" He smiles weakly, "If I forgive you, will you forgive me?"

"I couldn't not forgive you." She chuckles, opening her arms and gathering Danny in a hug.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Things are getting spicy for Danny oof-

# Chapter 3

**Notes for the Chapter:**

> Readers beware, this chapter is not for the faint of heart because Danny is being impaled by a different type of rod- okno I'm going to hell bye

"I like you, you do a lot more back talking than your little friends I've killed." The lady in red grins, gliding her way down the dead end of the hall. Chasing Danny was significantly different than the other victims. Admittedly they were all fun to kill and torture and she especially loved Dash, oh how that boy screamed for mercy. But Danny, he was on another level.

She understood why he was so interesting.

"Good for you, but I don't feel the same…" Danny huffs, gripping the key, looking around for any means of escape.

But he doesn't have to wait long because she's shoved into a locker, the door being slammed shut and locked as a result. Ignoring her muffled tantrums, Danny drops his shoulders, blinking in surprise.

"You know, this is very kind of you- But sort of not your job… Hey- *Hey*- !" The boy yelps as he's rudely and abruptly picked up and slung over the killer's shoulder like a bag of potatoes. "God damn it- Vlad!"

He doesn't bother to fight his way out of it despite sounding as angry as he did. This happened a lot more and more after that moment they shared back at the cabin. Even though he wasn't in any more

immediate danger, of course he had to be carried like a dead body out of any building. Leave it to the killer to step in even when he had the whole situation under control.

At first there was surprise, then gratitude but now it bordered on annoyance and Danny hated to admit it but it was becoming irritating. So as soon as his feet touched the floor, he went to punch Vlad's shoulder only for his wrist to be grabbed. "Y-You didn't need to do that."

He tries to pull his wrist away, frowning slightly, "Let me *go*… "

Vlad just tilts his head, which only makes Danny even more irritated. The further he pulled at his wrist, the further he got irritated to the point that he tried to hit Vlad with his free hand. Instead his other wrist is also grabbed and it makes him groan loudly.

"No, the very last thing I need is for you-" Danny gets quiet when Vlad steps closer, hovering over him. His words seemingly lost as the space between them shortened and even though he was just irritated not even a minute ago. Now that he finally has control of his hands he lifts and pushes the mask out of his way.

Danny holds his breath, gazing up, heart flitting until Vlad fits their lips together. Arms wrap around the man's neck, tightening his grip as he stretches his body, getting on his tiptoes.

Hands slide down to Danny's hips, holding him firmly before squeezing painful, making the boy yelp in discomfort. It causes Danny to pull away, "Don't do that…"

Vlad does it again out of spite, there's a spark in his eyes that challenges the boy. Danny pulls him into an aggressive kiss as a result, the boy's nails claw into his scalp as the balls of his thumbs dig into the boy's hips. Adrenaline rushes through their veins as they continue to lip lock hungrily. Vlad easily lifts the small body up, pressing it against the wall, having legs wrap around his waist.

Danny tilts back, his head is spinning as sloppy kisses land across his neck, yelping in surprise as he suddenly hits the bed. Dazed for a moment before shuddering at the hunger in the killer's eyes.

The thing was, he felt the same hunger grow in his stomach and he doesn't want to fight it. Danny raises his arms without hesitation, letting his shirt be removed and lips press against his skin. Each kiss feels like a burn, tainting him and he relinquishes to every single one until he jolts in pain, teeth sinking into his stomach.

Danny's face twists, squirming to get away but is held firmly in place, "That hurts, you asshole!"

Vlad doesn't stop though, leaving a pattern along the marred skin, catching the boy's eyes. Seeing the fire in them, the pain, and anger and he makes it worse when he licks his lips free of blood. Nails dig into his scalp, forcing him down and in a shaky voice, Danny hisses, "You made the mess, clean it."

Vlad has no qualms, sliding his tongue across the bloody bite marks, moving lower and lower until he gets a hold of the boy's pants. Stripping the rest of the clothes, Danny lays before him fully naked as he continues his assault, marking the boy's thighs.

It isn't long before they kiss again, Vlad forcing his tongue inside, pulling a moan as Danny tastes his own blood but it's brief and he whines when Vlad pulls away only to quiet down when taking in the sight of cock. For a moment, Danny panics, the very sight of Vlad on display makes his heart drop.

It wasn't going to fit, no way was it going to. Danny tries to scoot away, shaking his head as Vlad holds him steady in place.

"N-No offense, that's not gonna work-" He squeaks, fighting as his legs are gathered. Fear fills him as he thinks he'll be forced anyway but soon his face heats up, turning a dark shade when his legs are spread.

All words are lost as Vlad dips down low, legs shaking when Danny's entrance is tongued at, the warmth pushing past those tight rings. Fingers join to push their way and fill the boy up, curling and listening to the gasps and whines as he continues work the boy open.

When Vlad feels sated he lowers the boy's legs against his, the desire that builds becomes undone as Vlad sinks into that maddening heat without hesitation.

Rolling his hips, Vlad watches as Danny comes apart at the seams. The boy scrambles to wrap his arms around Vlad's neck, sliding closer until they kiss.

Vlad buries himself so deep and he doesn't stop pushing until he bottoms out, fully seated in the boy's heat and knocking the air out of

the boy. Hips rocking and eventually thrusting without remorse, the noise of the skin slapping and Danny's shrill moans echo off the walls.

Sliding his hands underneath the boy's legs, he forces them up, tilting his hips as he plunges even deeper. He gives in, swallowing every last cry he earns, nails dig into his neck as he ruthlessly thrusts. To see the boy a complete mess before him, marked heavily with rings of teeth marks, smeared with blood and yet crying out for more. The desire to hurt the boy more and more grows until he wraps his hands around Danny's throat.

He squeezes, small hands flying to grip at his wrists, Danny's eyes are completely blown, tears pooling in the corners. Pressing harder, there's a gasp but no fight, the small body beneath him trembles, Danny's vision going fuzzy. It's not until the boy hits his own orgasm, body seizes, nails scratching at Vlad's hands but it doesn't stop the man from ramping up his thrusts. Even as the boy tries to get away, the pleasure becomes overwhelming and his mind frying. Eventually he fills Danny to the brim, burying himself as deep as possible.

Heavy breathing fills the room, the bed creaking under their movements. Vlad moves about, fixing his suit before climbing off the bed. Danny lays, body spasming while letting his mind catch up, the buzz slowly wearing off.

He rolls onto his side, wincing as pain shoots up his spine, he swallows the lump in his throat.

"W-Wait… Don't leave… Not that I'm begging you or anything-" Danny says, voice thrashed, averting his gaze when Vlad looks at him.

His heart sinks as Vlad turns to leave anyway. He bathes in silence, turning his gaze away from the door as a slew of emotions whirled through him. He felt so dumb right now.

Asking for a killer to stay?

What was he even thinking?

He wipes at his face, feeling those ugly emotions bubble up as he tries to breathe. He couldn't even move to hide his shame, feeling tears slide their way down the sides of his face.

Danny jolts in pain when he feels a dip in the bed. Nervously lowering his hands, he's greeted by Vlad holding a box of supplies. Glancing down at it before looking up, he clears his throat.

He smiles weakly, his heart feeling less heavy, "Thanks…"

**Notes for the Chapter:**

> I think I lost a little sanity writing this. I had much more aggressive scene in mind and my softer side won.

# Chapter 4

**Summary for the Chapter:**

A little comic about a bit of a juxtaposition between the world that they're in and the act of kindness.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Check Instagram @Riiyuko for higher quality

https://www.instagram.com/p/CQ-CaAOA8dr/

Bonus: An Act Of Kindness

**Notes for the Chapter:**

For the longest time, I thought I would make this into a comic but then I realize three very important things that I wasn't comfortable with. One: This story is dark, I would love to draw a lot of death/gory scenes and I don't really know a webtoon platform that would host it. The next reason goes with reason one. Two: There's sex scenes and I would love to include those as well. Three: I'm definitely not the best at comics, so there's a lot I would love to tackle before I attempt something so daunting.

**Author's Note:**

Tell me what you think? Any story ideas? Let me know!